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VOGUE

LORD M. (Meeting Miss Smith in a broken-down cart—sarcastically): "Aw, how original—how appropriate, you Americans are!"

MISS S. (smiling sweetly): "Aw, not half as original or as appropriate as you English can be. That tweed suit of yours at the dinner party at Newport, for instance, Lord M."

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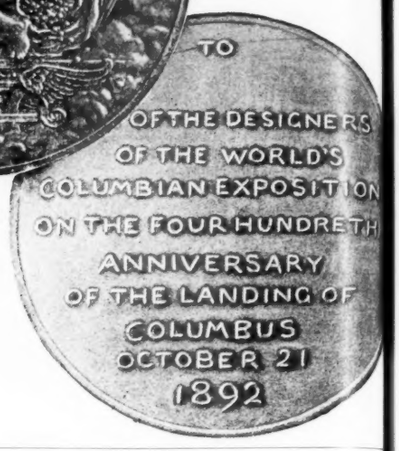

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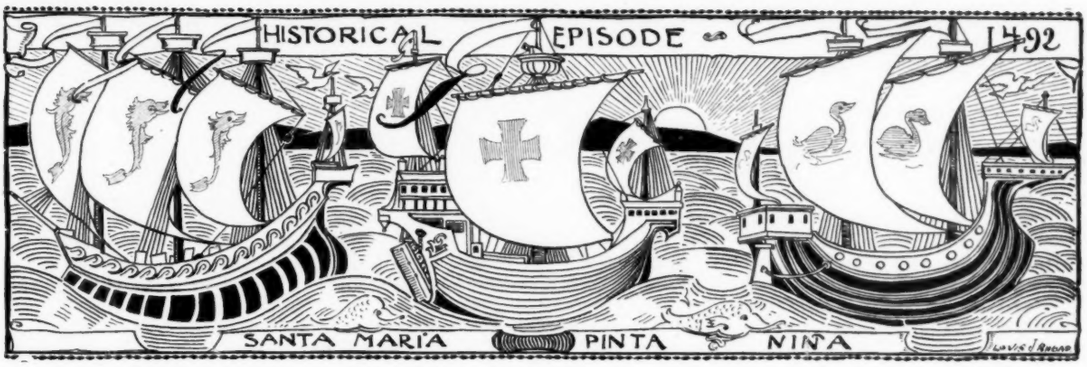
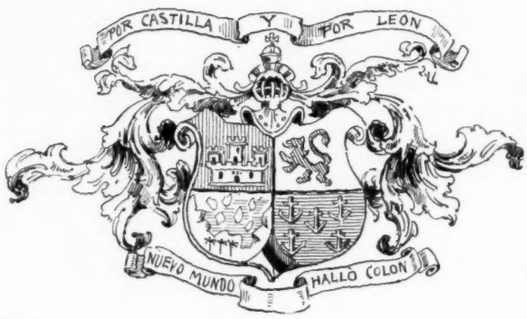


SHE: "But why did they have the Naval Parade in New York, on the 27th of April, and not open the Chicago Exhibition till the 1st of May?"
HE: "Because Columbus did not discover Chicago until the 1st of May."

THE RETORT UNCOURTEOUS

MRs. Uppercrust: "Why is it that so many men turn their trousers up this dry weather?"

UPPERCRUST: "For the same reason women hold up their dresses."



CRUSHING INNOCENCE

ELDER BERRY: "Dr. Thirdly last Sunday made use of the quotation 'There are sermons in stones.'"

MRS. BERRY: "Well?"

ELDER BERRY: "Joblots is circulating a paper to buy him a stone crusher."

NONE LEFT

SHE: "I am so passionately fond of rare china."

HE: "Your family is such an old one that I should think you would have some beautiful pieces handed down."

SHE: "Unfortunately, one of my ancestors was a servant girl."

YOUR HEART IS A MUSIC-BOX, DEAREST

YOur heart is a music-box, dearest,
With exquisite tunes at command,
Of melody, sweetest and clearest,
If tried by a delicate hand;
But its workmanship, love, is so fine,
At a single rude touch it would break.
Then, O! be the magic key mine,
Its fairy-like whispers to wake!
And there's one little tune it can play
That I fancy all others above—
You learned it of Cupid one day—
It begins and ends with "I love—I love,"
It begins and ends with "I love."

Robert F. Roden.

DEAD SURE

JOHNSON: "When I die, I know my death will cast a gloom over the community."

THOMPSON: "Undoubtedly. You're the laughing-stock of the place, you know."

A HARMONIOUS EFFECT

MRS. WITHERBY: "That chair you are sitting on is a genuine antique."

MISS ELDERBY: "Then perhaps I had better not sit in it."

MRS. WITHERBY: "Oh, don't get up. It is very becoming to you."

OVERHEARD IN A LIBRARY

"Have you a novel called 'Farina'?"
"I think not; it's a serial, isn't it?"

A BUSINESS WOMAN

A Note came from her bank one morn;
It said: "You'll please remit,
For your account is overdrawn.
Please, soon attend to it."

She wrote a note, expressed regret,
She did not closer look;
And sent, the matter right to set,
A check from her own book.

L. Brewer.

PRODUCTIVE WEEDS

PHASSEUMS: "Do widows' weeds ever bloom?"

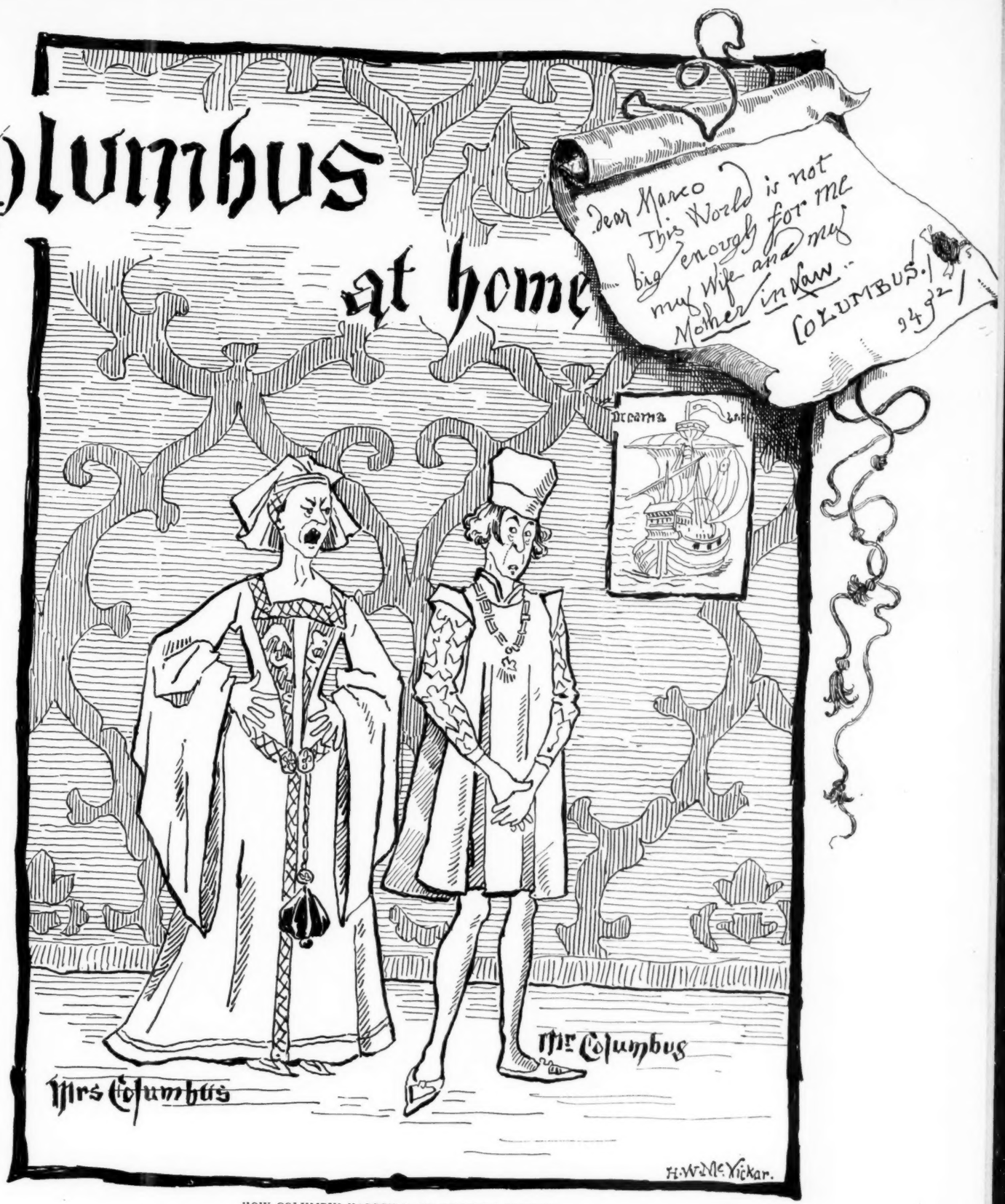
SARDONICUS: "Certainly. They produce orange blossoms."

LOOKING TO POSSIBILITIES

"Miss Walflour is much more sentimental than I thought. She keeps every letter that old lover of hers writes her."

"That isn't sentiment, my dear; it is good, hard, breach-of-promise sense."

For description of fashion drawings in Vogue, see Supplement.



HOW COLUMBUS HAPPENED TO DISCOVER AMERICA

"NOUS AVONS CHANGÉ TOUT CELÀ"

IN days of old,
So we are told,
When chivalry held sway,
It was the thing
For court and king
To be gallant and gay.

But, nowadays,
It is the craze
(Would you be recherché),
To neither talk,
Nor dance, nor walk,
But simply be—blasé!

Ogden L. B. Warde.

HIS NEMESIS

Said a wizard who lived near Skiddaw,
"A ghost from the grave let me draw,"
He muttered a spell
But fled with a yell—
He had raised his late mother-in-law.

AN EYE WITNESS

MRS. NEWMAN: "Will you guarantee that this picture was really painted by Holbein?"

IKENSTEIN: "Madam, I saw him paint it meinself, ven I vos ein boy, in Chermany."

TIME TO COUNT THE COST

GLADYS: "Isn't it odd that the honeymoon should last but a month?"

RICH: "Not so very odd; bills are sent out on the first, you know."

THAT IS TROUBLE ENOUGH

MR. BULL: "Why does the advance in stocks worry you, Bruin?"

MR. BRUIN: "Because I can't bear them."

WHat! married, Bessie? You a wife,
With all your light and laughter
To haunt my riven heart for life—
For aught I know, long after?
I would have breathed the word that night
Among the orchids thronging,
Had not you passed remark that quite
Dispelled my ardent longing.

So you are married, Bessie, lo!
With all your virgin beauty;
And for that kiss a dear old beau
Will pay high tariff duty.
Ah, just one sentence lost it all,
And froze this tender passion;
'Twas: "Jack, I hope before next fall
That crinoline's the fashion!"

AFTER THE BALL

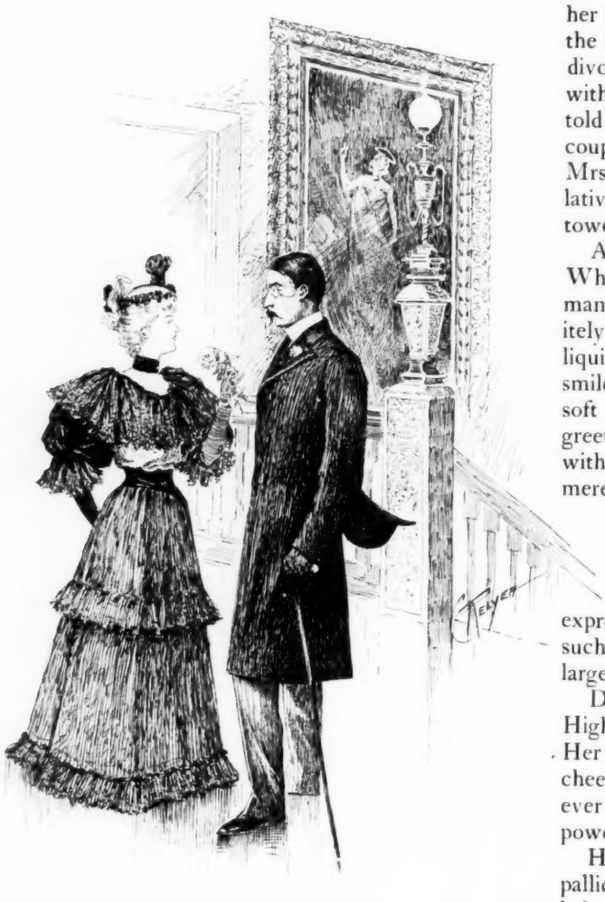
A Last word in the vestibule,
A touch of taper fingers;
A scent of roses sweet and cool,
When she has gone, still lingers.

He pauses at the carriage door
To sigh a bit and ponder,
He thinks the matter o'er and o'er,
And all his senses wonder.

With mantle thrown aside in haste,
Her heart a bit uncertain,
And neither time nor love to waste
She watches through the curtain.

And she has played him well, he knows,
Nor has he cared to stop her,
She wonders when he will propose,
He wonders how he'll drop her.

Tom Hall.



PLEASED HER

MISS TWILLING: "That was a delightful letter I got from you the other day."

CALLOWAY: "Thanks. I was going to call, but I wrote instead."

MISS TWILLING: "I love to get your letters."

FROM THE SKETCH BOOK OF A BOULEVARDIER

THE INTERESTING MRS. HIGHTOWER

THAt the adjective interesting may be applied to Mrs. Hightower is admitted of all men and women—those who know her and those who don't.

The people who know her find Mrs. Hightower interesting because she is not only admirably pretty in a sleepy-eyed, ivory-skinned, auburn-haired style, but because she is so clever, so amusing to talk to, says such soft, sweet flattering things in a voice that is as like Sarah Bernhardt's as she can make it, and with a lazy drawl of her own added. The people who have heard of Mrs. Hightower but have "never had the pleasure of meeting her," find her interesting because of her prettiness, because of the rumor of her cleverness, and because she is a divorcée, who for five years led a life of misery with the dreadful Hightower. The stories that are told of Hightower's cruelty are very terrible. And coupled with these go companion stories of how Mrs. Hightower bore it all like a lamb, till her relatives interfered and tore her away from Hightower and procured a divorce for her.

All this makes Mrs. Hightower very interesting. When she appears at The Horse Show, a great many people turn and stare at her. She is exquisitely dressed, and looks wonderfully pretty with her liquid, sleepy eyes, and her rose-bud mouth that smiles constantly with an infantile sweetness. Her soft drawl is slower and softer than ever, as she greets her friends, giving them a rigid hand-shake with a pudgy hand held high in the air. Even the mere, undistinguished, common herd turn to have a glance at Mrs. Hightower, recalling to each other, sotto voce, the story of her wrongs and her rights, and, between anecdotes, admiring the set of her green velvet cape, and daring to express the opinion that a beauty, who is built on such a chunky model, ought not to wear such very large plaids.

Despite her sad career and blighted fortunes Mrs. Hightower is rather a prosperous looking person. Her troubles have not preyed upon her damask cheek; it is as deeply rosily red as any cheek that ever blushed unseen, under a thick coating of rice powder.

Her's is not the interesting type that is thin, pallid, ethereal and languidly lithe. She is a solid lady of a short build. There is a decided suggestion of double chin over her tight, high collars. This, en passant, is one of Mrs. Hightower's deepest sorrows. She has been to the Beauty Doctors about it. They have said they could reduce the obnoxious feature, but it would cost a great deal of money. Mrs. Hightower has asked her papa—a wealthy gentleman of high social position—for the

HELEN M. AITLAND ARMSTRONG
Miss Angelica Schuyler
Miss Lois Stevens
CASTLE POINT
MAY 1894
Miss Louise Shelton

money, and has told him it was for dentists' bills for Gwendolin and Alys. These are her two little girls, very healthy children, to dwell upon whose delicacy does Mrs. Hightower seriously incline.

For a lady who has been brought up in the luxurious surroundings of a young person of wealth and fashion, Mrs. Hightower is now quite poor. She is in "reduced circumstances," she says, pensively, touching up the carefully parted curls on her forehead, with the short fingers of a plump hand that glistens with jewels. Hightower was forced by the courts to give her three thousand a year, and to this her father adds three thousand more. Mrs. Hightower, with her two children, struggles along in a flat looking out on upper Fifth Avenue, for which her papa pays the rent. It is very hard, though—very. She never could manage, if her dear friend, the Princess Almaviva—Maud Hobbs that was, who, after promising to pay the prince's debts, was allowed to lead that impecunious patrician to the altar—did not send her a few things over from Paris every spring and autumn.

Among other people who, without knowing her, find Mrs. Hightower most interesting, are the Misses Weston. The Westons are emphatically what are known as "nice people." Particular mothers with growing girls, and an ever widening social circle, "would like to know the Westons." Their unassuming refinement is flawless. They are not even vulgarly rich; there are no parvenues in their circle, and they never entertain foreign titles.

The girls—Ethel and Margaret—are charming, with frank, kindly manners, and fresh voices that have the sweet, high clearness peculiar to the voices of cultured New York women. They are not beautiful, and they are not plain. They always dress with immaculate neatness, and never strikingly. Their blue serge gowns, their tan-colored cloth coats, their loose dogskin gloves, their jaunty little hats—all are of a modest but dainty simplicity.

When they walk down Broadway, people do not stare, for they are but a typical pair of healthy, happy New York girls, trim, fresh, and pretty as pinks. They are much alike, but Ethel wears a loose box coat, while Margaret braves the elements in the smooth-fitting trimness of her dark blue dress with a little brown fur animal hooked round her neck. And as they lift their fleckless skirts to step over a crossing, they show the edges of their crisp, silk petticoats and their long, well-shaped feet in pointed shoes with broad, flat heels.

If these two young girls meet Mrs. Hightower, a mutual thrill of suppressed interest quivers through them. They do not know the beautiful lady, and they are too well-bred to stare at her. Mrs. Hightower's brown eyes rest on them for the fraction of a second with the faintest glimmer of smiling triumph in their velvet depths. Then they have passed, and the Misses Weston, who have apparently never noticed the lady, proceed to discuss her appearance.

"She didn't look as pretty as usual this morning, did she?"

"I thought so. Did you notice her card-case—white suède with silver corners?"

The two Misses Weston look curiously at each other.

"Do you suppose he can be such a lunatic as to have given her that?" says one after a pause.

"They cost a great deal, twenty or twenty-five dollars."

"He can't afford it. It's perfectly dreadful. Have you lent him any money, lately?"

The other sister, looking much embarrassed, says: "I had to, only twenty dollars. We've got to, or he'll do something disgraceful."

Then they continue on their walk in silence, their clear eyes saddened with troublous thoughts.

The Misses Weston have a younger brother—Carey Weston, of whom they are foolishly fond. Carey is eighteen, long, slim, pink in the face, useless and very English—or what he supposes to be very English. He has been, up to this time, merely a selfish boy who took pleasure in imagining himself a man of numerous dissipations.

When Carey met Mrs. Hightower at a flower-show, and the liquid-eyed lady, who had been a belle while he was yet in kilts and short socks, smiled upon him, he immediately attached himself to her train. When he returned her smile he was conscious that he was a man of the world. When he was allowed to hold the door of her carriage, while these other men assisted her in, he felt himself a roué.

Mrs. Hightower, who was a practical person, thought that Carey might be made very useful. One could teach him to fetch and carry with less trouble than one could teach a dog. Carey was eighteen and very timorous, and would never forget his place, which was an advantage he possessed over nobler game. A live dog may be better than a dead lion, as the preacher says, and a live dog that can fetch and carry is something that should always be included in the impedimenta of beauty.

So Mrs. Hightower smiled and Carey fetched and carried. When the Goddess was in a good temper and the Dog had fetched and carried well, he was allowed to find her in at the afternoon tea hour and sip a draught of very weak tea from a white and gold cup the size of a liqueur glass. When the Goddess—and this happened quite often—was not in a good temper, the poor Dog was told "not at home," while he could hear her practicing Chopin on the piano.

When the Dog had not fetched and carried well—had forgotten to get the proofs of the children's photographs from the new studio, had neglected to deliver the order for the six eider-down cushions for the drawing-room divan, then indeed the Dog

XUM

realized what it was to be dragged at the chariot wheels of beauty. He was allowed in at the afternoon tea hour, but he was not spoken to when he got in. Three pink-tipped fingers were extended languidly to him and the Goddess's cold, abstracted eye swept him with a wintry indifference. Other people who were present were casually shown the lovely, superb bouquet of hyacinths sent as a mere slight return for social civilities. Are not men nice who always think of these sort of things? So few men do!—and the hostess turns and gives Gwendolin a cup of tea to take to Mr. —— the gentleman in the corner. She seems to have forgotten his name.

Carey, his young life blighted, goes away and orders flowers to appease the Goddess's noble rage. When he next goes there at the afternoon tea-hour she smiles as she never smiled before, and flowers before the shrine become a habit. They are an expensive habit, and the Goddess has constantly to have her wrath appeased. They have to come for balls too. They have to be interspersed with bonbons. Anniversaries come by and the Goddess carelessly shows Carey what other kind, thoughtful men, who were anxious to return her papa's civilities, gave her on last Thanksgiving Day. Carey goes away and buys a fretted gold hair pin for twenty-five dollars, and, after he has sent it to her is dreadfully uneasy for fear she will be offended and will return it. But his fears are soon set at rest. The Goddess writes him a little note of thanks, playfully reproving him, yet condescending to accept the souvenir.

But as Carey gets but fifty dollars a month, and this in a relative's office who says he isn't worth fifty cents, the expenses of keeping the Goddess in a good temper weigh upon him somewhat heavily. At Christmas he tells his sisters he's awfully sorry, but he can't give them anything, he's so deuced hard up. The girls fall on his neck and tell him not to give the subject a thought—they want nothing. Shortly after New Year he comes to Ethel, the elder, and hums, and haws and shifts from one foot to the other, and then begs her to lend him a "tenner"—it's for a debt, a debt of honor that's got to be paid.

Ethel gives it tenderly, never hears of it again, and Carey expends it on an offering of violets, for Mrs. Hightower is very sulky just now. When the bouquet comes it is rather too small, and Mrs. Hightower's Olympian wrath is not entirely assuaged by it. Carey has to run her errands, take Gwendolin to have two teeth pulled out, escort Alys, her nurse and her two dearest friends, to the circus, buy Mrs. Hightower's matinee tickets for the opera and visit seven dry-goods shops to match samples of yellow crêpe, before the Goddess is restored to her pristine amiability.

During the next two months the Misses Weston have it forced upon their notice that their dear and only brother is much oppressed by "debts of honor." When these are not driving him to apply to his sisters for aid, obdurate tailors appear to be pressing their claims so vigorously that Ethel and Margaret are besought to come to their brother's assistance with a small loan. Carey was never before the object of the attentions of so many and such persistent duns.

The Misses Weston, with slow-growing horror, begin to suspect that something is rotten in the state of Denmark. They have paid off ten "debts of honor," contributed to the appeasing of four angry tailors, discharged the annual dues of two clubs, and paid a portentous livery-stable bill, when, by

the gradual force of a sharpened and alert perception, they discover the truth: their little purses are being bled for the decoration of the idol—they are being butchered for Mrs. Hightower's Roman holiday.

Now the Misses Weston are eminently sensible girls, yet even after this unpleasant discovery they continue to contribute to the floral offerings that are the source of Mrs. Hightower's smiles. They are the means by which she is able to have so many pretty little bibelots on her desk, and, if it had not been for them she never would have got that beautiful Watteau fan for her last birthday.

It is not an artistic desire to deck Mrs. Hightower's beauty, or to keep her amiable, that induces them to contribute so unselfishly to her happiness. They do not love the lady. But they have a foolish fondness for their brother, and—as it is with the strong when they love the weak—they know the faults of Carey as well as the virtues. They know that the young man is weak; they know that the ridiculous infatuation of Carey Weston for Mrs. Hightower would become public enough for the weekly papers if Carey took to borrowing of his friends or in his club. And to keep the Goddess smiling Carey would borrow in his club and out of his club. There are dark fears in the minds of Carey's sisters that to keep the Goddess smiling the young man might lose the sense of meum and tuum altogether. But this is a grewsome thought not to be dwelt on.

So the Misses Weston, who have never had the pleasure of meeting her, give Mrs. Hightower much solid content. It is very expensive to keep Mrs. Hightower happy, and to accomplish this desired end the Misses Weston find it necessary to give up many little personal expenditures. They gradually "drop out" of social gaieties where they once shone. Their parents hear them say that "going out is getting to be a great bore." Carey goes round and says he "doesn't see what's struck his sisters—gettin' to be a regular pair of old maids." Mrs. Hightower murmurs over the Watteau fan, peering about languidly through silver lorgnettes that Ethel paid for, that she "misses their sweet, fresh faces."

The Misses Weston, when they see her at the opera, sitting radiant in her papa's box—they, themselves, being rather shabby in made-over frocks—steal furtive but curious glances at her, and murmur to each other:

"The lorgnettes are my last month's allowance."

"Do you suppose he spent the whole of that twenty dollars on those purple orchids?"

Geraldine Bonner.

ONLY CHARITY

TEN BROKE; "By Jove! Have you actually saved a dance for me. To what may I ascribe the honor?"

PENELOPE: "O, this is a charity ball, you know."

AS SEEN BY HIM

OUR Columbian celebration No. 2 (a supplement to the one last autumn, which I must say was a little wearisome) has come and gone with a rush. It could not be otherwise. But it was a great success. I delight in national festivals and pageants of all kinds. They furnish such an excellent object-lesson for the people. I really believed they enjoyed it. As I was going to the pier to board my yacht I heard one very patriotic old lady ask a policeman wildly "if she could stand on the dock and see Columbus come in on his caramel."

I steamed down the harbor in my yacht, dressed, of course, for an occasion of that kind, in my morning visiting coat, tall hat and patent leathers, to do honor to our distinguished guests. I cheered myself hoarse, drank a little more fizz perhaps than

was exactly good for me, and really experienced a thrill of patriotism. The functions as a rule during these past three weeks have been excellently well conducted. I objected a little to being adorned with an enormous pompon of the Spanish colors at the reception to the Duc de Veragua, but then I was soothed by the charming way in which Mr. John Austin Stevens, correctly attired, with his silk hat in his hand, walked in to the throne-room backwards, with all the grace and savoir faire of a long experienced major-domo. His son set the example of true etiquette by kissing the hand of the Duchess, which was the correct thing to do. I have a special reverence for Columbus myself, because he seemed to be a man of cachet, neat in his dress—if one can judge from the pictures. I suppose by now some one has touched—in a hurry, of course—a button somewhere, and the Fair is in full blast. I cannot help being reminded of the comment of an English woman in one of the London prints a short time ago, who said Chicago must be so delightfully interesting, particularly the places "where they put a little live pig in a machine and in a second it comes out the other end, a hair brush with your crest upon it."

Everybody does everything in New York in a hurry. A clever Frenchman who is viewing the city for the first time made this criticism of it last week: "C'est une ville privisatoire." It reminded him of a great caravan in the Sahara, which resting for the night amid palm trees and cooling waters, takes up its journey on the morrow. It is not my intention to prattle about this migratory Arab-like instinct which is one of the most conspicuous traits of New York character. That we should even move our churches five times during the generation, that the parks and playgrounds of our infancy should be warehouses, and the homes of our ancestors turned into commercial "emporiums," that we should hurry, hurry, to Harlem or elsewhere, that there should be no rest, that it should be one great race neck and neck, morning, noon and night—well, these are things for stronger and more graphic pens than mine. This is the reason, however, that we can count our well-dressed men on our fingers, and the men of New York are the best dressed in the United States. Their chief fault, however, is that they lack repose. So many men look as if their clothes were simply thrown on them. We are just beginning to remember that after a hasty and indigestible breakfast at some dreadful hour, that we have not to rush down somewhere in the city in an overhead tram in order to sell stocks or "speculate" in real estate.

If I drop in during the afternoon to have a fair friend pour me out a cup of tea, I am always sure to meet the typical New Yorker who gulps down that gentle refreshment as if it were a matter of life or death, or as if the train were waiting, and who during this interesting operation crumbles the biscuits over his coat in a most unseemly and irritating manner. In fact, everybody seems to rush through social functions in a way that is bewildering and most disagreeable. I am obliged every fortnight to run out to some quiet place in the country so as to steady my nerves, and I should be quite a wreck if I did not take my annual voyage across the water and there get a bit of rest.

Although not an Anglomaniac I do not approve of rushing through life. I want my coat to fit just so, my trousers to have the proper crease, my gardenia to be of the right proportions and shade, and, in fact, my whole costume to look as if I had worn it always—as if, in fact, I were a species of Trinity Church in breeches.

These reflections are called forth by the state of the city and society during this brief hurried spring season. The climate itself seems to have caught the infection and the Park dons its new Easter toilette of green but for a fortnight, and then rushes into all the gorgeousness of summer raiment. Spring and early summer with me is the time to live in the sunshine. I went out in my tandem this week and took a turn in the park. I am obliged to have the trap meet me at the Plaza owing to the wretched pavements on Fifth Avenue. Besides myself there were five other men whom I knew rolling through the only drive in New York. There was something wrong with each of these turnouts, and it was all the result of haste and carelessness. Very few of the men were properly dressed. The long light overcoat, as it is called by the tailors, is the proper garment to wear while driving, whether you have a tandem or a dragsman. I wear for driving a light suit of tweeds and the gayest scarf that I have in my collection. One needs a bit of color. Very few men seem to know how to hold the ribbons or how to drive the leader. They slack when they should hold tight and vice versa. There were only two men who had their carts evenly balanced, and the unfortunate woman who was in the box seat tried to look happy while her very life was being jolted out of her. There is one thing in driving like a gentleman and another in driving like a groom. Few men seem to have mastered the simple science of handling the ribbons and driving with a full hand. Others have much trouble with their whips, and few seem to know how to point their leader. I intend, during this spring, to write a series of papers upon coaching and tandem driving, and if I feel able for the effort I shall also give a few hints about polo and the etiquette of yachting. One has no idea of how many little points, that are really

XUM

unwritten laws, a man must know in order to accomplish these arts in a way in which they should be practiced.

I have been asked several questions recently about points of minor etiquette, which are local to this country. Thank Heaven, they are not exotics. One of these was asked me by a fellow at the club only this morning. He has been, unfortunately, somewhat conspicuous in the eyes of the public by his connection with a recent disagreement in one of the clubs. "I am simply beset," he said, "by reporters who call on me at every place and at all hours. I actually feel that I am being shadowed in the street, and only yesterday, when I took a hansom from the club to go to the Windsor Hotel, the conduct of the driver was so peculiar that I imagined he was a reporter in disguise, and that having me at his mercy he would open the little window in the rear of the vehicle and attempt to interview me. Now, what am I to do?"

Winkie Schuyler, being for a time short of money and unable to meet certain pressing claims, has accepted a position on the staff of what is called, I think, "A Leading Morning Newspaper." I do not think that Mr. Schuyler will remain a very long time in his present occupation, however. To him I have repeated the question asked me this morning, and begged him to give me a bit of advice.

"You would be astonished," he said, "to find a great many very clever men on a staff of a city newspaper. You know, as a rule, people who make literature a profession are not literary, they are uninteresting, never read anything, presumably, but their own works, and talk 'shop' from morning until night. I have been to a number of their receptions and to their 'salons' because it is the ambition of every literary woman to have a salon. I must confess that I have found the men more snobbish than any other class of individuals I ever met. Now the newspaper reporter is supposed to be the tadpole from which emerges the managing editor, the writer of leaders, or the future novelist. They complain very bitterly as a class, about the way in which they are treated. They seem to think they should be recognized as equals and not as persons who visit you on disagreeable missions. If you go for a quiet shoot to one of the country clubs you find a number of these persons waiting to take the score. I suppose that is all very well and a matter of news and of interest to the general public, but why should they expect you to treat them as you would your guests? You do not ask the caterer or the other persons employed to help in certain functions to be one of you, although any one of them may be a most charming fellow. The only difference in the case of the reporter is that instead of being paid by you he is being paid by his newspaper. He chooses to take up this vocation and he should abide by the consequences. You would not receive the undertaker of the family, although he may be a jolly fellow and excellent company. I suppose reporters are as necessary as undertakers, and I think both callings are equally disagreeable. Now my experience has taught me a lesson. The public in America demand, I believe, that every detail of a social function or a social scandal should be served up to them in a morning or evening newspaper. It is then the duty of the city or managing editor to insist that those details shall be obtained, and no man who becomes a newspaper reporter can hope to escape being compelled at sometime to be detailed on one of these investigations. He should, therefore, expect to be treated a little better than a servant on occasion. It just depends on the circumstances of course. My week is ended. I was asked to interview the Earl of Craven and find out whether he was really tattooed. I resigned."

I give Mr. Schuyler's opinion for what it is worth and I must ask pardon of my readers for dwelling so long upon this question, which probably does not interest many of them. Yet there is not a man, woman or child, not even a servant in New York, who has not at one time or other been approached by the newspaper reporter; sometimes he seems to be a gentleman and undoubtedly he is at heart, and by birth, but he simply throws this to the winds when he comes a member of the "city staff." I make it a rule always to be polite to these persons and I think that those who have some common sense do not intrude except where their business obliges them. Frequently I send my man to talk to them. I say frequently, because of late I have been approached more than once to give my opinion on some extraordinary subject. When I see them myself I make the conversation very short, do not offer them refreshment or cigars and simply meet them on a common sense business footing.

BY CONTRARIES

THE while that Phyllis kindly smiled,
He wrote with cynic pen,
Of heartless maidens that beguiled,
And coldly jilted men.

But when he had been crossed in love,
The poet sat and wrote,

A tender trifle "To Her Glove,"
Just as an antidote.

Harry Romaine.

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THE GILLISS PRESS, NEW YORK

VOGUE

SOCIETY SUPPLEMENT, MAY 6, 1893

THE Tiffany-Havemeyer wedding on Wednesday was the only social event of last week, although society turned out en masse for the naval parade on Thursday. As had been expected, the former was a very brilliant affair, the decorations and appointments being carried out with the wonderful liberality and the attention to every detail for which the Havemeyers are so justly famous. The wedding was celebrated at the bride's home, the ceremony being performed by the Archbishop, Father Colton, and the Archbishop's private secretary. At the end of the room a canopy draped in white satin embroidered in gold had been erected. The poles which supported the canopy were wreathed with the feathery asparagus, which is so much the fashion at present, and quantities of white roses. On the mantels and in every available spot were placed huge baskets of every conceivable size filled with the rarest of roses and orchids, the handles tied with immense white satin bows with long ends falling to the floor. About three stairs up on the staircase were placed wicker gates completely covered with vines and roses. Two footmen, in the family livery, stood by these gates holding the broad ribbons, like those used in the churches to reserve the places for the relatives and specially favored guests. The bride wore the customary white satin and point lace and diamonds. The bridesmaids wore exquisitely dainty gowns of pale pink, ruffled to the waist; the bride's sister, Mrs. W. Butler Duncan, wore a very beautiful gown of pink and white. In spite of its being a house wedding, the custom, which is universal at present, of wearing bonnets, was strictly adhered to, not more than ten women being without them. Mrs. Sam Howland was the only person present in a low-cut gown. The collation was very remarkable, the table decorations being the most artistic ever seen in New York. The pièces montés were very different from those ordinarily seen and it seemed almost a pity to eat such veritable works of art. One feature of the table was the three enormous épergnes filled with bunches of black and white hothouse grapes, which were arranged almost as though growing on a vine. The number of invitations were limited, and the reception which immediately followed the ceremony was a very short one.

The naval parade on Thursday did not seem to be in the least a failure, in spite of the rain, for those who were so fortunate as to be the guests of Mrs. Stevens, at Castle Point, and of Mrs. Grace King of Weehawken, as the rain did not have the effect of dampening the spirits of the guests. Both Mrs. Stevens's and Mrs. King's houses are very large, and on the covered piazzas the guests were well protected and had a magnificent view of the whole spectacle. The New York Yacht Club and the Seawanhaka Yacht Club turned out in full force. Each member was privileged to invite a certain number of guests. On both boats a superb collation was served, and, as with yacht races, the storm made no difference, for, as one woman said, "I am always so busy talking, I never see the yachts, anyway; so what earthly difference does it make whether the sun shines or not?"

On Monday of this week Mrs. Forbes Leith gave a very jolly dance for Admiral Hopkins, K. C. B., at Sherry's. The invitations, which were sent out only last week, were eagerly accepted. Every man who belonged to the militia, navy or otherwise, seemed determined not to be outdone by the uniformed foreigners, and wore his full regimentals. At eleven o'clock in the evening the ball was in full swing, and at twelve o'clock it seemed as though every other man in the ball room wore a uniform. Not only the officers of the fleet were present, but the middies were out in full force and were petted to their hearts' content. One young fellow, who appeared to be about fifteen years of age and was certainly not over four feet tall, made a point of being introduced to all the elder married women, asking them to dance. His sang-froid was simply inimitable, and a young woman who is a famous belle was convulsed with merriment over his patronizing remark that he found "these informal affairs so delightful and Americans so awfully jolly." A gorgeous marine officer, who danced in his spurs, presented a magnificent appearance, his vivid red coat giving a fine dash of color among the pale shades of the women's gowns. The different nationalities were interesting to watch. The great, tall Russians promenaded round with heavily bearded faces, their coats closely buttoned to the throat and their daggers and long swords clanking at their sides. In spite of their noisy accoutrements they were most enthusiastic dancers and executed fancy steps with much grace. The Grand Duke, who was present for some time, was the object of much admiration. He speaks our language fluently and had no difficulty in enjoying himself. Admiral Hopkins was resplendent with his Victoria Cross and other decorations. A member of our Naval Reserves attracted an immense amount of attention in his uniform consisting of blue trousers and Eton jacket. Some man, obviously jealous, remarked that he thought he could only have joined the Naval Reserve in the last few days and had bought his uniform in a hurry, as the jacket did not by any manner of means meet, and there were at least many inches of white shirt visible. But at all events, his cutlass, which he wore at the side, was all that could be desired. Mr. Stephen Olin and Mr. Gussey Montant wore their staff uniforms and looked very fine. The only drawback was that none of Troop A were present. The dancing was held in the upper ball room. The lower ball room was used as a hat room, while the supper was served on the ground floor. A long buffet was erected instead of the usual small tables, but as an extraordinary number of very excellent waiters were on hand to serve each and every guest, there was none of the old-time crowding and annoyance. Among the women who looked very well were Mrs. Reginald De Koven, who was dressed in black, without a particle of color to relieve the sombreness of her gown. Miss Morris who also wore black. Miss Agnes Whitney looked extremely pretty in pale blue, and Miss Talfrey in pearl gray, wore a wonderful Persian necklace. Mrs. Rosden Burn wore an Empire costume. Among others present were Mrs. H. A. Robbins, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. W.E. Strong, Miss Strong, Miss Greenleaf, Mr. and Mrs. Baylies, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Alexander, Dr. and Mrs. Kinicutt, Miss Beatrice Bend, Mr. George Bend and Mr. and Mrs. Emlen Roosevelt.

The sudden death of Mr. Henry Astor Carey, last Saturday, seems peculiarly sad, for he was one of our few American men of leisure who seemed to be anxious to, in every way, do what he could for our social life. Not only his relatives but his friends, who are legion, will sincerely grieve for his loss. The death of Mrs. W. B. Parker in Paris, will also cause much sorrow to those who knew her here. Her son, Mr. Stephen Parker, lives in Paris, but her daughter, Mrs. Jules de Neufville, is very prominent in society here.

LONDON

(From Our Own Correspondent)

THis year our usually blustering "Gemini" month has cast all precedents to the east wind of its normal condition. It came in lamblike; it has gone out still more so. The last fortnight of actual summer heat has completely upset one's calendar calculations, and made one sigh for sylvan retreats, bungalows by the river, and—new frocks and hats. Tailor gowns, therefore, are just now the one thing desirable; they make such a happy modus vivendi between the diaphanous fabrics, which come in with the roses of June, and the heavy sombreness of winter materials, which looked smart enough so long as gray skies and unpremeditated fogs were the order of the day, but which now only represent the futility of past successes.

At Mr. T. S. Richards'—"the Gowneries," South Kensington—I saw yesterday several very smart tailor costumes just evolved for two well-known American dames du monde. Mr. Richards, I may say in passing, has only this week completed a variety of walking gowns, covert coats and occasional jackets for the Empress Frederic; one of the American ladies, aforesaid, being put off her final fitting because the favorite tailor of the establishment had been wired for to Buckingham Palace to "try on" her Imperial Majesty. So you see, Vogue, even American dollars cannot always score off royalty!

Among the gowns I most preferred was a pale tan tweed checked across by almost invisible white lines. The skirt, cut on the new gored principle, measured five yards at the bottom, and one and a half at the waist, and was finished off with two pockets buttoned over in wide flaps on the two front side seams. The jacket was made on quite novel lines, called the "Lock to Lock," a specialty this spring at the "Gowneries." It is a short cutaway, fitting in to the figure at the back, but falling away in front to show a double-breasted waistcoat of light blue horse-cloth barred in white, to which a short, rather full shoulder-cape cut in one, with the stand-up collar and turned back lapels make a most effective finish. To wear with this decidedly "sporting" little toilette a small toque in open-work coarse straw was provided, trimmed severely with large "donkey ears" bows of deep blue velvet, standing wide apart, and held in place by jet stag-horns, the latest novelty in hat adornments.

Among those who entertained Easter guests were Colonel and Mrs. Cornwallis West, at Newlands Manor, Lymington, whose daughter, pretty "Daisy" West, married in her first season Prince Henry of Pless, thus carrying off the matrimonial prize of the day, the final finish to the alliance having been completed at Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts's dance two seasons ago, when she was chatelaine of Spencer House, and gave a ball in honor of the prettiest débutante of the year. All the floral decorations were composed of big field daisies, a compliment to the "maiden of the moment," an attention returned by Miss West in her gown of white silk garlanded with natural wild Marguerites.

Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts has become Mrs. Ralph Vivian since then. Her husband is a brother of Lord Vivian, the British Ambassador to Rome. Mrs. Vivian has been rather retired since her marriage, but this season she intends entertaining considerably; several dinners are already arranged for, and I hear that a dance is also contemplated, to show off the attractions of her new mansion.

Carlton House Terrace, by the way, seems a veritable happy hunting ground for American millionairesses. Mrs. Mackay, whose return to London is booked for June, inhabits No. 6, the Duchess of Marlborough No. 3, the Astors own No. 18, and the Hon. Mrs. "Rafe" Vivian No. 20. Mrs. Vivian, you will remember, is step-mother to Mrs. Ames Van Wart, and it is with the greatest pleasure that I am able to tell you of Mrs. Van Wart's wonderful improvement in health since her return from Monte Carlo; indeed, there seems every prospect now of her complete recovery. She is looking much better, is in the best of spirits, and looking forward to the autumn in Scotland, at their picturesque new shooting place in Invernesshire. I saw Miss Van Wart driving her matched roans in the park, yesterday, wearing a most fetching hat, which was a mass of pale heliotrope feathers, and a very smart little covert coat of light tan face cloth.

As fellow guests with the Vivians, at Newlands Manor, were the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador and the Countess Deym, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith-Barry. Mrs. Smith-Barry was the fascinating Mrs. Arthur Post, a daughter of General Wadesworth of Geneseo, and sister to Mrs. Adair. Mr. Smith-Barry is Member for Huntingdon, and both he and his charming wife are ardent politicians on strict Conservative lines; their house in Hill Street, Mayfair, being one of the most agreeable in all smart London.

Mrs. Palmer, an American lady no little discussed just now, wife of General Palmer, also entertained Easter guests at beautiful Loseley Park, in Surrey, which estate she has taken on a twenty-one years lease. Among her house-party were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Harrison, George Meredith—the idol of the hour—and Mr. and Mrs. Jameson. Loseley Park is a charming spot which for many years was closely associated with the late Lady Rose, who thirty odd years ago was the beautiful Miss Charlotte Temple of Vermont. Lady Rose was one of the first American ladies to make her home in England, and to open a salon, where congregated all that was brightest and best of social, literary, or artistic merit. She married Sir John Rose when he was Finance Minister to Canada, and it was greatly owing to her influence and cleverness that he received his "K. C. M. G." and became a recognized authority on all international questions. Lady Rose was aunt to Henry James; indeed, he was her favorite nephew, and to her he is indebted for many telling incidents worked up to advantage by him. "Whenever he is tired or out of gear," said Lady Rose to me one day, —ah, how long ago!—"I take him down to Loseley, and after a day or two's rest there he is another person." Lady Rose's two daughters are both very handsome women and among the smartest of London's great ladies. Mrs. Sloane Stanley having for years been a recognized power in society, and Mrs. Stanley Clarke, as wife of the Prince of Wales's favorite equerry, Lieut.-Colonel Stanley Clarke, and mother-in-law to one of the richest young "cotton-spinners," Mr. Frank Bibby, is equally well known, and decidedly sought after. I saw her at Sir Frederick Leighton's on Sunday looking very handsome in a charming cloak that covered her entire dress and seemed made up of iridescent jewel-like bands held together by tiny lines of gold. Sir Frederick's studio was crowded, of course; it always is on Easter Sunday, when he "shows" his Royal Academy work. He is the most genial of hosts and quite an ideal grand seignior in the world of art, besides being a favorite of royalty. It is to his teaching and care that the Princess of Wales owes her knowledge of art. He is frequently a guest at Sandringham, and I have several times come across the Princess and Sir Frederick "doing" the Academy in the most serious and matter-of-fact manner. Sir Frederick sends some of his work this year to the great May exhibit. His largest canvas is an ideal study of that most terrible Biblical tragedy—Rizpah. "For five-and-twenty years," said the President of the Royal Academy to me, "I have had this subject at heart, always wanting to paint it, but never quite seeing my way to its accomplishment; I have done so at last, however, and I am glad." It is a gruesome subject at best, and it loses none of its tragic horrors through Sir Frederick's treatment of it.

The Duke of Bedford's death was terribly sudden, as you know. He dined with the Queen on Thursday of one week and was dead the following Thursday. He left no will, and as a consequence his widow is left but poorly provided for, having only her jointure from the marriage settlements. The young Countess of Dudley is also disappointed in this respect, the Duke having always promised her a substantial legacy. Of course she gets nothing, and her dot of £50,000, which the Duke made over on her marriage to Lord Dudley, is not so great a fortune after all for any one occupying so high a position. And in this connection the new De Brett's Peerage, which, according to Mr. Henry James's school, is the American woman's Bible, is just out for 1893, and rather to the surprise of all the world Lady Dudley is entered as "the adopted daughter of the Duke of Bedford," and on a slip of paper inserted between the pages a "memo" to this effect: "Lady Dudley is the daughter of Charles Gurney, Esq." The Gurneys are an old Norfolk family, and notwithstanding the Overend & Gurney bank scandal of years ago, and Mr. Charles Gurney's most unfortunate marriage, should at least be entitled to proper respect as county magnates.

I always read my Vogue week by week with the liveliest interest, and especially that clever article "As Seen by Him." To "Him," therefore, the following "par" as to how to serve champagne may be of special interest. At Lord Carrington's the other evening—he is the new Lord Great Chamberlain—the entire dinner service was of gold plate, every piece of which was an heirloom of generations, and had a history attached to it. The only wine given throughout the banquet was a very dry champagne, and this was served in the most dainty little half-pint crystal flagons, one being placed at each guest's plate, with a corresponding half pint of potash water—for to drink any wine unadulterated in these days of total abstinence is to commit a cardinal sin. Of flowers there were none, nor were they missed amidst the blaze of silver-gilt under which the table fairly groaned. Diane.

April 9, 1893.

XUM

PARIS

(From Our Own Correspondent)

NOw that this unusually gay and festive Lent has come to an end, Paris is beginning to fill up once more, and every incoming train brings back to the city well known members of our grand monde, hastening back from the Riviera and from their country seats in order to prepare for the Concours Hippique, or horse show, which constitutes the first great social function of the post-Easter season. It is there that the newest and latest novelties are inaugurated by our leading élégantes; and it is there, too, that the fashions of the season receive their social imprimateur or their deathblow. The Concours Hippique this year promises to be of unusual brilliancy. Over four hundred of the horses having already arrived, the show will be in full swing within a few days, and for the next week or so I suppose that, as usual, we shall all be talking of nothing but horse and fashion. Many of us are looking to the Concours Hippique to put an end to certain objectionable extravagances of fashion, not only as regards dress, but also equipages. Among the most glaring of recent innovations in connection with the latter are turquoise blue, pale lavender, and even pure white mail coaches and drags. Broughams and victorias are reported to be on the eve of following suit, and unless the correct taste of those of our clubmen who are at the head of the Concours Hippique, and recognized authorities on all matters pertaining to sport, subdues this tendency to the loud coloring of carriages, the retour du bois on the Champs Elysées, of a summer afternoon, will resemble nothing so much as the parade of some circus troupe.

Although there is no falling off in the altogether abnormal number of entertainments of all kinds which follow one another in rapid succession, yet for some reason or other it has become the chic to proclaim that one has nothing whatever to do or in view, no invitations whatsoever, and that there is nothing of any kind going on. This mode, which is carried to most absurd lengths, is just as preposterous in its way as the former habit of complaining that one was overburdened with invitations, that it was impossible to get a single evening in the week to oneself, and that one was in absolute need of repose.

A perfect dinner was given on Sunday last by the Princesse de Leon at her handsome house known as the Hotel de Rohan, which looks out on to the quiet Boulevard des Invalides. The dining-room is hung and paneled with superb tapestries of the XVIth century, brought from the Château de Josselin, which for hundreds of years has been the country seat of the ducal family of Rohan. I must admit that I was astonished to see that the fish which appeared on the table of the Princess was shad. This fish is all the rage now, and has entirely superseded the salmon, which is declared by the arbiters of fashion to have become too "bourgeois." Trout is pronounced by the same authorities to be "too restaurant," and no one eats soles nowadays. No ices were served and the commonplace bombe glacé and vulgarized macedoine aux fruits were replaced advantageously by a delicious crême au chocolat avec ecorces d'oranges, a gélée aux feuilles d'orange and a gateau au pavot. Among those present were the Russian Ambassador and the Baroness de Mohrenheim, the Comte de Chabot, the Princesse de La Tour d'Auvergne and the Comtesse de La Ferronays, who negotiated the marriage between the Comte de Paris' eldest daughter and the present King of Portugal. The dinner was followed by a reception, the Princess receiving her guests at the entrance to the grand salon, an unusually vast and lofty apartment occupying the entire depth of the mansion. All the woodwork, both of the panels and of the furniture, is of white and gold, every piece of the upholstery consisting of priceless old Gobelins. The monumental chimney-piece is surmounted by a Louis XIV. timepiece of absolutely royal proportions, and a few historic portraits by old masters harmonize well with the tout ensemble of the room. Adjoining is the dainty boudoir of the Princess, paneled and upholstered with pale blue silk, and filled with bric-a-brac, a goodly portion of which has been presented to her by her father-in-law, the old Duc de Rohan, who is passionately fond of his still handsome and popular daughter-in-law, herself now about to become a grandmother though barely forty years of age.

DINNER GOWN

The Duc de Massa has issued invitations for private theatricals, which are to take place at his house on the Rue de Berri and the Champs Elysées a couple of weeks hence. The operetta to be produced is of the Duke's own composition. He is quite a character in his way. A fat, diminutive and middle-aged bachelor, he lives only for music and flowers, and his one delight is in giving private operatic entertainments, the music and libretti composed by himself, in the dainty little private theatre which forms an annex to his house.

Another entertainment we have in view and that will take place a fortnight hence, is the "Revue de l'Histoire de la Danse" organized by the Baroness Morio de l'Isle at her house in the Rue de l'Université. During the course of the evening most of the French and foreign dances will be performed by well-known members of society, and not only do the minuet, the parano and the gavotte figure on the list, but also the Hungarian Tchargash, the Polish Grand Mazurka, the Bosnian Kaula, which is now all the rage at Vienna, and a number of the national dances of the Orient. Of course, all these various dances, which are now being actively rehearsed at the residence of the Baroness, will be performed in the costumes appropriate thereto.

At a concert given last week by the Duchesse de Luynes the Marchioness of Dufferin made her debut as a composer, several French songs set to her music figuring in the programme. I was not present myself, but friends who were there described them as exceedingly melodious and as being modeled on the modern Italian school, a fact due probably to her long residence in Rome, where her husband was the British Ambassador accredited to the court of King Humbert.

There are so many people in New York and Newport who are acquainted with the Marquis de Breteuil, the husband of one of the Misses Garner—the other is wedded to Sir William Gordon-Cumming, of baccarat fame—that the readers of Vogue will, doubtless, be interested in the impending marriage of the Comte de Breteuil, the younger brother of the Marquis. Like the latter, he has secured a wife possessed not only of good looks but also of a very large fortune, although of bourgeois origin. She is a daughter of the enormously wealthy M. Roussel, a former member of the Stock Exchange, or as they call them here, agent de change, and who resides in a very handsome house, just off the Champs Elysées, in the Rue de Chaillot. The Count is an officer of cavalry in garrison at Compiègne and possesses a strain of Jewish blood in his veins, his mother having been a daughter of Napoleon the Third's Minister of Finance, Fould. Notwithstanding this connection with the Bonapartes, the de Breteuils are strong Legitimists, the Marquis as well as his brother being firm adherents of the Comte de Paris.

At no time that I can remember have the theatres been so dull as they are at present. The managers complain that the sparse attendance, and consequently limited receipts, do not admit of their placing attractive new pieces on the stage, oblivious to the fact that the reason why we stay away is just because they have so very little that is new and amusing to offer us. The result is that we are drifting more and more to the café chantant and music hall entertainment. When I refer to café chantants I do not include under that description either the Folies Bergères, which is the least Parisian of all Parisian entertainments, nor yet the Casino de Paris, the Moulin Rouge or the Elysée Montmartre, which are really half-way houses between the Folies Bergères and the genuine Parisian café chantant. At these a concert which finishes at ten is succeeded by a ball, the Moulin Rouge having a specialty in its eccentric quadrille. The Scala and Eldorado, however, which face one another on the Boulevard de Strasbourg, are the real type of the Parisian café chantant, and you would be astonished to see the number of well-known mondaines and leading élégantes who are to be seen there almost every evening. This has especially been the case through Lent, our great ladies apparently considering that presence at café chantant entertainments constitutes a more venial offense against the ecclesiastical laws prescribing sackcloth and ashes than attend-

ance at a full-fledged theatre. There is no payment at the door of these café chantants. You walk in without let or hindrance, and as soon as you have taken your seat a waiter asks you what you will drink. What you pay depends not on what you have drunk but where you are seated. Thus a bock may cost three francs in the fauteuils d'orchestra and two in the balcony. If you choose to repeat your drink, you can do so at ordinary café prices. The performance is divided into two parts. The first is occupied by a succession of singers, each artist being supposed to sing one song, and if he leaves the stage without applause he will not reappear. On the other hand, a popular favorite is not allowed to escape until after singing three or four times. I have known Yvette Guilbert to respond to ten encores in an evening. The second part consists of a short piece played by the artists who have previously appeared singly. I have noticed, however, that the fashionable part of the audience rarely remains for this portion of the entertainment.

Although it is impossible to say anything as yet for certain about the fashions of the present season until the opening of the Concours Hippique, yet it seems to be pretty well decided that this year light colors are to supersede the sombre hues that have been fashionable for the last two or three summers. It is perhaps a little bit early to talk of summer dresses when we are still wearing our winter furs, for the weather has been very cold—far too much so, indeed, to dispense with wraps or warm mantles. One of the most marked features of the present season, however, are the quaint pelerines which are styled here "collets." Some are composed of embroidered cloth. Another which I noticed was composed of two neatly shirred flounces of broad black satin, superposed; a third, of a flounce of antique lace falling over the satin, bertha-wise, from a yoke of fern-green velvet embroidered with fine jet. The collar was of satin, made to set out in a series of corrugations and waves, that finished tapering, to a point in front at the spot where the old lace flounce met the velvet yoke.

Very pretty was the toilette worn by the Comtesse de Puisieux when making a call the other day on the Comtesse Charles de Meffray, who gave such a very successful raout last week. The dress was built of Sandstone cloth embroidered effectively and originally with lames de mer, or foamy wave crests, breaking off into sparkling sea spray. This difficult effect, as far as I could see, was obtained by a graduation of cream silks and opaline beads, ornamenting the hem of the skirt and outlining the pretty cutaway shallow basqued corsage coat that opened in front, with two exceedingly broad revers of mahogany velvet over a chemisette of the same material.

I cannot conclude this letter without giving a brief description of a superb pelisse which caught and retained my eye at the church of St. Francois de Sales during the marriage ceremony, last week, of Mlle. d'Eze to the son of the Mexican Minister Plenipotentiary, here. Its wearer was a foreigner, and I could not ascertain her name, but I believe she was a Mexican. The garment was made of Genoese velvet in tones of light and dark Cordova leather, largely embossed in heraldic design. The coat had a deep-pointed yoke of oak-brown satin, admirably embroidered in Byzantine fashion with spangles, gold and multi-colored beads. The voluminous sleeves were ornamented in a similar manner. A high-standing collar and two broad revers of sable enframed the yoke; a lining of pale-blue brocaded satin and a modern clasp copied from an antique Eastern ornament, in gold and jewels, completed this superb coat, fit for an empress or for a foreigner, but which would have been fought shy of by any true Parisian élégante.

Comtesse de Champdoce.

WHAT SHE WEARS

I Have been trying to gather some new ideas about dress and fashion during the last week, but, I am forced to admit, with very indifferent success. The 1830 style is so ugly that although it is worn as a kind of concession to the dressmakers it cannot possibly remain long in fashion. It has superseded the Empire, it is true, but the latter is still worn for dinners and dances, and is very much in favor for tea gowns. I saw a lovely tea gown

worn by Mrs. Vanderbilt at one of Mrs. Ogden Mills's house parties last week. It was of amber satin very richly embroidered and trimmed with exquisite lace, but what attracted me more than anything was the daintiness of the footgear worn with it. The slippers were of yellow satin, exactly matching the gown, with the most fetching little bows of narrow ribbon embroidered with seed pearls, and the stockings were of cobwebby white silk, with gold embroidery. The only feature of the costume that did not please my artistic taste was a collar of diamonds clasped tight around the throat. I may be old-fashioned, and doubtless am, but jewels in the daytime do not please me.

Speaking of shoes reminds me of some very good advice coming recently from London, about the proper time of day to be fitted with boots or slippers. "Never go to your shoemakers' in the morning," my friend says, "for if you do you will find yourself badly left in the afternoon." The rationale of this advice is that the feet expand with the heat and use of the day, and that a night's rest invariably contracts and makes them smaller. As a consequence a pair of shoes which fits to perfection in the morning will pinch and hurt later in the day, whereas if fitted toward evening you will have a pleasant surprise when you put on your new purchase after the ease and repose of the night.

Women in England who are somewhat sporty are just now much interested in their "golfing" costumes, as golf is to supersede tennis in the affections of the British public. Tennis dress, or rather undress, has always been loose and easy enough, but golf requires a greater play of muscle, and therefore a more absolute freedom from restraint. As a consequence, corsets must be discarded, and only a figure that has the elasticity and grace of an artist's model can look to any advantage in the loose blouse, Turkish trousers and leather belt of the golfer. The game is to be introduced this summer at Newport, but we doubt whether the "Star" tennis players will ever allow it to blot out their favorite game.

I was rather glad, the other day in a street car, to see a very pretty and chic-looking girl in a gown of simple gray cheviot made with a Norfolk jacket, exactly as it was worn three years ago. It looked so neat and natty, held in place by the broad, plain belt, and just open enough at the throat to show the white linen collar and the knot of the Albert tie. An old fashion, revived unexpectedly by a pretty woman, is often very effective, especially when it is sensible and becoming.

None of us have any excuse for ignorance on the great question of what is and what is not to be worn this summer, for was it not voluminously unfolded to us at the Craven-Martin wedding in Grace Church? I am painfully aware of being a very old-fashioned person myself and of possessing such a critical eye for form and color that the eccentricities of fashion affect me often as unpleasantly as a discordant hand-organ, or a whiff of Hunter's Point when the wind is in the east.

The effect produced by a large assemblage of women—in these fin de siècle costumes—which are not those of 1830, when Queen Victoria was only a twelve year old child, but

of 1840 to 1850, in the early years of her reign, when the portraits of her plainly show how hideously she was attired—the effect, I repeat, that they carry with them is that of a nondescript creature, with wings outspread over huge balloons for arms, no waist defined and folds of ugly drygoods flapping about the

FOR SUMMER WEAR

lower extremities. Some few, as, for instance, Mrs. Clarence Dinsmore, mitigated the clumsiness of the bodice with a long jacket of exquisite lace which imparted a grace and chic to the gray satin costume that she wore; and there were ladies whose wings were made of black lace, which fell softly over their enormous puffs instead of being stiffened and buckramed out in velvet and cloth. Miss Cameron's costume of pale green with real lace insertion alternating with chiffon stripes was also very pretty, and as her girlish figure is extremely slight her waist was defined rather than concealed by her broad green sash. We all found fault with the Empire style, which has been so much in vogue this winter, but it was a thousand times more becoming than this early Victorian, which could only have been introduced by grasping modistes, that it might all go out again before the costly materials of which the gowns are made were half worn out.

Moreover, the immense width of the skirt requires crinoline to extend it properly, and those who have seen the photographs of Miss Harriet Lane, the Empress Eugénie and other notabilities of that day, as reproduced in one of the Sunday papers, will observe that the skirt extended over hoops has far more meaning than the flapping folds which now hang about the wearer's feet.

The only redeeming point in the smart attire of the smart set, at Miss Martin's wedding, to my sensitive eye, was the headgear. The hats and bonnets were simply lovely, and I hardly knew which to look at longest, that distant readers of Vogue might get a clear description of them. In the first place, the broad-brimmed hats of the bridesmaids, with their facings of baby blue, were to me most picturesque and suitable to the very young faces that they shaded. Gainsborough and Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, rose before the mind's eye when looking at them, and if historical accuracy was important they belonged distinctly to a period of English history antedating Queen Victoria's. In the crush and melee of the middle aisle, I saw one pretty face, with bronze brown hair rippling away from the sides, surmounted by a leghorn hat most becomingly bent, and with a cleft in the crown through which peeped leaves and grasses. A tall yellow rose and bud nodded slightly on the front, springing up from a pompon of black satin and lace. It was worn by a young married woman, and harmonized admirably with a gown of gray cashmere and Ottoman silk. Not less pretty and becoming than the hats were the pert little bonnets, with the broad butterfly bows that were perched on curly heads. Although it must be admitted that their breadth makes them more ornamental—for who thinks of use, nowadays, in a covering for the head?—to the tall and slight women than to the pocket Venuses, whose shoulders are inclined to be high, or whose faces are round and chubby. Take them for all in all, the spring fashions of to-day are distinctly in favor of tall women with no classical outline to boast of, and who only desire to have their angularities concealed. With the advent of summer, which will bring blouse waists and light thin fabrics, into wear, the paysanne style of woman will have a better show.

AN ADVOCATE OF "AS SEEN BY HIM"

Although many, upon the first appearance of Vogue, were disposed to regard the nature of the matter treated in the "Him" column as being distinctly trivial and superficial, and really somewhat unworthy the attention of dignified man, have readjusted their hastily formed opinion, and have, through a careful weekly perusal of things "As Seen by Him," become imbued with the idea that perhaps, after all, light is quite as important as shadow, in the picture of life, there still come to my ears occasional echoes from a Philistine band who are not yet persuaded that in the development of human nature the ornamental has as important a part to play as the useful. These unpersuaded ones will tell you that a really superior masculine mind is above considering the question of self-adornment, that greatness of intellect and attention to dress are incompatible. That this theory has no foundation in fact, can be discovered by a glance at the biographies of some of the greatest men in history. Instances abound of great men who have been even foppish in dress, according to the fashion of their day. No lesser personage than Cæsar himself, so we are told by Froude, in his delightful story of the great general's life, was the greatest swell of classic times and a leader of fashion in the days of the grandeur of Rome, and that many of Plutarch's heroes were noted as much for being exquisites as for their achievements in war and statecraft; and these instances occur and recur in history down to the present day.

A proper regard for one's personal appearance, according to one's means, is due to society in the broad sense of the word, and greatness of intellect does not excuse the neglect of it. The man who is indifferent about his appearance is what might be called an incomplete character, whatever his mental attainments may be and his case is one of ideas not well classified.

But perhaps there is a ray of hope for those who would welcome an era in which fashion would liberate man from the long-endured thraldom of his rigidly simple raiment. Surely we can not leave the fun entirely to the ladies, (and the milliners!) of reviving the styles with which our grand-parents graced themselves! If crinoline really comes to make us forget, if possible, the human form divine, man must not hang back, but must come forward and carry out the picture, and if we wish to get the proper idea of what will necessarily be done to accomplish that end, we will have to get down our Dickens and our Thackeray (illustrated editions), brush off the dust and renew acquaintance with our old friends and their "wasp waists," "peg-tops," etc. If present indications mean anything, however, men are edging toward the fashions of 1830 quite as readily as, if not more so, than the sweet creatures. The frock coat in vogue this season is, on modified lines, the same as was worn by our grandfathers; a little snugger at the waist, and with the sleeves raised on the shoulders, it would be the same thing.

W.

TABLEAUX AT CASTLE POINT

With the purpose of aiding a deserving and needy charity, a number of ladies will give three entertainments at the residence of Mrs. Stevens, at Castle Point, Hoboken, one on the afternoon of May 9th and the others on the afternoon and evening of May 10th. The institution to be benefited is St. Catherine's Home, which is under the charge of the Sisters of St. Margaret, an order of the Episcopal Church. The Sisters now have twelve girls and eight babies in their care. Most of the girls are very young and able to earn but little toward their own support.

The entertainment has for its patronesses: Mrs. Winthrop Grey, Mrs. Hilborne L. Roosevelt, Mrs. C. Albert Stevens, Miss Bigelow, Mrs. Edward N. Dickerson, Mrs. John W. Minturn, Mrs. A. S. Hewitt, Mrs. Douglas Robinson, Jr., Mrs. John Kean, Miss Frelinghuysen, Mrs. Robert H. McCurdy, Mrs. Starkey (wife of the Bishop), Mrs. Oliver Carter, Mrs. Stephen Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Courtlandt Parker, Mrs. Benjamin Williamson, Mrs. John A. Stewart, Jr., Mrs. Leon Abbett, Jr., Mrs. Werts (wife of the Governor of N. J.), Mrs. Washington Roebling, Mrs. Robert Stockton, Mrs. Richard Irvin, Mrs. Cross.

The programme arranged for Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday evening is:

Spring-time—Miss Bertha Perry and Mr. Fred. Bull
Listening to the Fairies—Miss Utz.
A Marriage under the Directoire—Miss Crosby and Mr. Ward.
Charlotte Corday—Mrs. Hubbell.
Tyrolese Peasants, from Defiegger—Miss Wilmerding, Miss Adams, Miss Stevens and Mr. Campbell. (Zither by Mrs. C. S. Dodge).
"Hope," by Burne-Jones—Miss Whitehead.
Portrait—Mrs. C. G. Janeway.
Mme. de Lamballe—Miss Louise Shelton, Miss Abbett.

That for Wednesday afternoon is:

Portrait of Mrs. Bayard—Miss Caroline Bayard Dod.

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The Chocolate Girl—Miss Vanderpoel.
Melida—Miss Katherine Minturn.
Jeanne d'Arc—Miss Gilchrist.
Theodora, by Benjamin Constant—Miss Wright.
Portrait, by Miss Lee-Robbins—Miss Zabriskie.
Countess Potocka—Miss Keasbey.
Portrait—Miss C. Shelton.

Tickets, two dollars each, will be for sale at Mrs. H. L. Roosevelt's, 62 East Thirty-fourth Street and Mrs. A. Alexander's, Castle Point, Hoboken. Only a limited number will be sold for each performance, so that every one may have a good view. Besides the tableaux, Mrs. H. L. Roosevelt (formerly Miss Kate Schiffen) will act a monologue by Miss Caroline King Duer, never before given. Mr. W. M. Chase will superintend the artistic arrangements. The tableaux will be on a slanting stage to give the effect of perspective, in the entrance hall at Castle Point. The audience will be seated in the rotunda, or round hall in the middle of the house where the family portraits, some of which will be given, are hung. The programme will be designed by Miss Armstrong. The girls who have consented to take part are many of them from New Jersey, as are the majority of the Patronesses, but it is hoped that there will be enough that is novel to attract even some of those who saw Mrs. Irvin's Tableaux. Castle Point can be very easily reached, and it only takes thirty minutes from Union Square.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES

FRrontispiece.—A pretty costume, suitable for "roughing it" in the country, is worn by the girl in the cart. It consists of a skirt of black serge made full, simply trimmed with a row of black braid above the hem. The shirt is of pink-gingham with turn-down collar, under which is tied in a sailor knot a black silk cravat with satin spots. A black belt with silver buckle confines the shirt at the waist. The flat palm-leaf hat has a plain black ribbon around the crown. The man wears a gray cheviot frock coat and trousers of a lighter shade of the same color. His patent leather shoes have gray cloth tops, and his hat is of the latest English style.

Page 293—The evening gown represented in the plate is of sage-green taffeta with changing reflets of pale pink. The skirt is made demi-train, with ruffle around the bottom of sage-green velvet lined with pale pink silk. The corsage is of the taffeta and is cut V shaped both front and back. The sleeves are of sage-green velvet, finished just below the elbow by a deep frill of pale pink chiffon laid over an under frill of silk of the same color. A similar frill edges the neck of the bodice and falls over the shoulders. A fan of pink ostrich plumes completes the costume.

The man is in evening dress. He has a cluster of lilies-of-the-valley in his buttonhole.

Page 294—The Empire gown represented is of écru guipure over an apricot satin petticoat. The edge of the skirt is trimmed with two rows of the insertion and a narrow ruffle of edging on each side of the insertion. The short corsage is of apricot velvet, gathered to a point at the back and fastened by a knot of apricot ribbon. In the front it is turned back in broad pointed revers of the écru guipure. The sleeves are of velvet in leg-o'-mutton shape ending in long lace cuffs.

Page 296—The olden time costumes represent the dress of 125 years or more ago, and are charming now for fancy balls or tableaux vivants. The lady wears a skirt of rich white satin. The corsage is décolleté, with short puffed sleeves. A short cape of pink satin embroidered in gold and a black velvet hat with pink feathers are worn. There are long gloves of pinkish kid, with satin slippers and flesh-colored silk stockings.

The man has a sky-blue velvet coat with jewelled buttons, an embroidered satin wajstcoat, very long, with lace frills at the wrists. He wears a jabot of the finest lace, satin breeches and long silk stockings. There are jeweled buckles at his knees and upon his shoes.

On page 297 is seen a reception costume in petunia colored bengaline, made walking length. The skirt is trimmed around the bottom by four rows of black point d'esprit lace, laid in fine plaits. The bodice is cut out in points over a yoke of the same, trimmed with narrow rows of black velvet ribbon placed close together. The upper part of the sleeves is composed entirely of rows of the plaited black lace laid over foundation of petunia silk. From the elbow down they are tight, and fastened with jet buttons. The bonnet has a crown of petunia velvet embroidered in jet, and is edged with jet. The butterfly in front is of black lace, with jetted edges.

The men are in the conventional dress, worn between the hours of two and seven in the afternoon.

The skirt in the costume, shown on page 298, is of soft black grenadine made over black satin. There are two flounces upon this skirt of black point de Gênes lace, one on the edge, the second midway on the skirt. The silk bodice, of pale blue, is drawn loosely under a corselet belt of black velvet. The collar and large puffed sleeves are also of black velvet, and there is a deep bertha of black point de Gênes, which falls in full folds. The sleeves are edged with a frill of the same lace. The capote of pale blue crêpe is bordered by a narrow band of curled ostrich feathers, trimmed with loops of blue satin and black velvet in the back, and an ostrich plume at the side. Long, black gloves are worn with this toilette.

SAILINGS AND ARRIVALS

Those who wish to advise their friends of intended departure are informed that statements for this department of Vogue should reach the office not later than Monday noon of the week of issue.

Sailed from New York, S. S. Trave, Tuesday, April 25, 1893.—Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Barker, Mrs. Jas. W. Haselhurst, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Schmidt and child, Mr. E. E. Taylor.

Sailed from New York, S. S. La Touraine, Saturday, April 29, 1893.—Mr. Alfred Corning Clark, Mr. T. F. Cushing, Miss Cushing, Mr. S. Davidson, Mr. Andreo Echeverria, Mr. Geo. A. Glaenzer, Mrs. Geo. A. Glaenzer, Mr. Eugene Glaenzer, Mrs. Eugene Glaenzer, Miss Hunnewell, Mr. Henry T. Sloane, Mrs. Henry T. Sloane, Mrs. D. A. Torrance.

Arrived in New York, S. S. Teutonic, April 26, 1893.—The Right Hon. Earl of Aberdeen, The Countess of Aberdeen, Mr. Theo. Allen, Mr. Apthorp, Lady Arnott, Miss Arnott, Mr. R. L. Bankes, Jr., Hon. Truxton Beale, U. S. Minister to Greece, Mr. G. W. Beck, Mrs. Beck, Miss Beck, Sir Edward Birkbeck, Mrs. R. C. Bostwick, Mr. J. L. Carroll, Jr., Mr. R. W. Chanler, Mrs. Chanler, Mr. R. H. Dana, Major, A. H. Davis, Mrs. A. H. Davis, Miss Ethel Davis, Mr. R. Dennis, Mrs. Dennis, Mr. W. C. Eustis, Mr. H. C. Fahnestock, Mrs. Fahnestock, Miss Fahnestock, Sir Edward Green, Lady Green, Mr. Frank Green, Mr. F. A. Kennedy, Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. Harold Kennedy, Mr. Kidder, Mrs. A. M. Kidder, Miss Kidder, Mrs. C. H. King, Mr. G. E. Kissel, Mrs. Kissel, Miss Lawrence, Baron Henry de Levay, Mr. Lewis Mr. W. H. Lewis, Mr. C. R. Whitehead, Mr. W. M. Whitney.

Arrived in New York, S. S. Paris, April 29th, 1893.—Mr. J. A. Kennedy, Mr. E. S. Kelly, Mrs. E. S. Kelly, Mrs. H. S. Knowles, Miss Knowles, Mr. Charles E. Lansing, Mrs. Charles E. Lansing, Mr. Thos. W. Pearsall, Mr. Thos. W. Pearsall, Jr., Mr. Trenor L. Park, Mrs. Trenor L. Park, Mr. Charles Steele, Mrs. Charles Steele, Miss E. H. Steele.

Arrived in New York, S. S. Campania, April 30th, 1893.—Mr. C. Beckwith Ashmore, Lord Bennet, Mr. J. D. Berry, Mr. W. P. Bouverie, Mr. W. C. Cutting, Mrs. Day, Mr. Day, Mr. H. M. Pratt, Mr. F. A. Pratt, Mr. C. Pratt, Hon. A. J. Reid, late U. S. Consul, Dublin, Mr. J. M. Richards, Mrs. Richards, Mr. W. Robertson.

MARRIED

McCAMANT—DAVIS.—On Tuesday, April 25th, at Ravenscroft, the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. T. J. Lee, Wallace McCamant of Portland, Oregon, to Katharine Stimson, daughter of Wm. M. Davis, of Phillipsburg, N. J.

DIED

BORLAND.—On Thursday morning, April 27th, at Washington, D. C., after a brief illness, John Borland, son of M. Woolsey and Julia Borland, in the 37th year of his age. Funeral services at Zion Church, Wappinger's Falls, N. Y., Saturday, April 29th.

CAREY.—Very suddenly, of heart disease, at the Everett House, this city, Saturday, April 29, 1893, Henry Astor Carey of Newport, R. I.

HAIGHT.—On Sunday morning, Euphemia McVickar Haight, eldest daughter of Charles Coolidge Haight. Funeral at Trinity Chapel, Tuesday, April 25th, at 10.30 o'clock.

HALL.—At her late residence, 87 Clinton Place, Tuesday morning, April 25th, Elizabeth Prescott, daughter of the late David P. and Caroline Minturn Hall. Funeral services at the Church of the Ascension, Fifth Avenue and Tenth Street, Saturday, April 29th.

McKIM.—Sunday morning, April 23d, Robert McKim. Funeral at his late residence, 131 East Thirty-fourth Street, Tuesday afternoon, April 25th.

REED.—In Paris, France, on Monday, April 24th, of pneumonia, Marie Louise, eldest daughter of the late John Van Dussen Reed of this city.

PARKER.—At Florence, Italy, on Saturday, April 29th, Margaret Hills, widow of W. B. Parker, and daughter of the late Henry W. Hills of New York.

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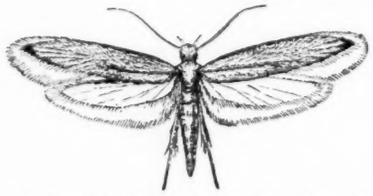

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